

SLIDE 14

The River's a winder,
Through valley and hill
He twists and he turns,
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,
And he buries down deep
Those little treasures
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,
He gurgles and hums,
And sounds like he's happily
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,
As he dances along,
The countryside echoes
The notes of his song.

The River's a monster
Hungry and vexed,
He's gobbled up trees
And he'll swallow you next.



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The River by Valerie Bloom

SLIDE 15

“The River’s a monster
Hungry and vexed,
He’s gobbled up trees
And he’ll swallow you next.”

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The last verse of
Valerie Bloom’s
poem reminds us
that a river can
be dangerous.

Try and rewrite
the final verse
and share with
your friends.

